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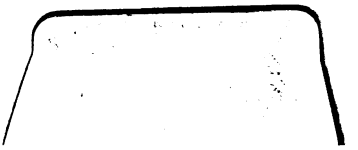

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POEMS

BY THE LATE

Eliza Kirkham (Strong) Mathews
MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT HAS BEEN."—"MORNING'S AMUSEMENTS."
"LESSONS OF TRUTH," &c.

"*Sad is my Song.*"

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IT is impoſſible to receive ſo diſtinguiſhed an Honour as that which you have conferred on me, and not experience the warmeſt Senſations that Gratitude can inſpire. I beg your Ladyſhip to believe I muſt ceaſe to exiſt ere I ceaſe to feel, and to acknowledge myſelf,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt devoted,

Moſt obliged,

And very humble Servant,

E. K. MATHEWS.

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ELEGIAC LINES

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

THE AUTHOR,

ELIZA KIRKHAM MATHEWS,

Who died May 25, 1802.

THOUGH no funereal grandeur ſwell my ſong,
Nor genius eagle-plum'd the ſtrain prolong,
Though grief, and nature here alone combine,
To weep, Eliza, o'er a fate like thine;
Yet thy fond prayer ſtill lingering on my ear,
Shall force its way through many a guſhing tear.

And art thou gone? my valued wife, my *friend*,
And have my hopes already met their end;
Since ſhe who grac'd them from my boſom fled,
To crowd the cavern'd manſions of the dead.
Yes! all that form'd a huſband's anxious ſmile,
All that the vacant moment could beguile,
Thoſe eyes which ſhew'd the torrent of the mind,
Are ever dormant, to the tomb conſign'd.
Though withering ſickneſs mark'd thee in the womb,
And form'd thy cradle but to form thy tomb,
Yet like a flower ſhe bade thee reach thy prime,
The fairer victim for the ſtroke of time.

When even ſleep, ſweet ſleep, refuſed thy call,
Sleep, that with cool refreſhment, ſtrengthens all,
When till the morn, thine eyes, unclos'd and damp,
Trac'd thy ſad ſemblance in the glimmering lamp;
When from thy face each blooming relic fled,
Where hope might flatter with reluctant tread,

Sill darting forward from thy weight of woe,
Thy *mind*, with all its energy, would glow.
Oh! when theſe eyes ſerenely ſaw thee wait,
The laſt long ſeparating ſtroke of fate;
When I beheld thy agonizing pain,
Call'd on thy voice to greet me but in vain.
When o'er thy lips I watch'd thy falt'ring breath,
When louder grief proclaim'd thy preſence—death:
Through every vein an icy horror chill'd,
Colder than marble then my boſom thrill'd.

The muſe that ſaw thy opening beauties ſpread,
That lov'd thee living ſhall lament thee dead:
Ye graceful virtues, while the note I breathe,
Of faireſt flowers entwine a funeral wreathe
Of *virgin* flowers, and place them round her tomb
To bud like her, and periſh in her bloom.

Had anguiſh'd ſorrow ne'er oppos'd the line,
Thy virtues aſk an abler pen than mine,

They aſk, but never ſhall they yet explore,
A mind that knew, or could regret thee more!
Ah! long, Eliza, ſhall thy picture reſt,
Time ſhall not wear it imag'd in my breaſt;
Yes, thou ſhalt live, while fond remembrance lives,
Till he who mourns thee, aſks the line he gives.
Yes, I, who live to mourn thine early doom,
Pluck't like thyſelf, in all my youthful bloom,
May, ere long claim, the requiem of a tear,
And ſoon be borne extended on the bier.

Methinks I ſee thee reach th' empyrean ſhore,
And heaven's full chorus hails an angel more,
While 'mid the ſeraph forms that round thee fly
Thy mother meets thee with extatic eye,
She ſprings, exulting from her throne of reſt,
Claps her white plumes, and claſps thee to her breaſt.

Sonnets.

SONNET I.

TO TWILIGHT.

MEEK twilight haſte! athwart this earthly ball,
Fling thy pale ſhad'wy robe—and as I ſtray
Thro' tangled copſe, where no rude ſounds appal,
Where *Philomela* from a dewy ſpray
Pours mildly ſweet, her melancholy ſong,
In cadence ſoft as hymns of *dying ſaint*;
While echo's mimick voice the notes prolong,
And mem'ry's ever-varying pencils paint
Paſt ſcenes of bliſs, flown never to return;
O! let me ſit beneath yon time-worn rock,
And tell of all I've felt, and all I mourn,
For here no ſummer friends around me flock,
To break the hallow'd calmneſs of repoſe,
Lacerate my *bleeding heart*, and *mock my woes*.

SONNET

II.

*TO THE EVENING STAR.**

BRIGHT ſtar of eve! reſplendent gem of night,
Beneath thy lucid orb I love to ſtray,
Drop feeling's tear, and mark thy quiv'ring ray;
Till borne in *fancy's car* with rapid flight,
I mount thy ſphere, and tread thy beamy way.
Or if perchance I ſeek the ruin'd tow'r,
To waſte alone the contemplative hour;
Wrapt in deep thought, thy ſecrets I ſurvey.
Methinks my ANGEL MARY'S FORM glides by,
And points to *thee*, her ſeat of bliſs ſerene;
Then bids me *hope*; nor *grieve* for joys *terrene*,
Waves her fair hand, and ſeeks her native ſky!—
Adieu! *bright ſtar!* the *airy viſions* fade,
And leave me penſive in the RUIN'D SHADE!

SONNET

III.

*TO THE MOON.**

PALE ORB OF LIGHT! that beam'ſt with luſtre mild,
O'er peopled cities, and o'er deſarts wild;
Shin'ſt on the palace, and the lowly cot;
Not e'en the church-yard, is by thee forgot.
All ſhare thy ſmiles alike, O! Cynthia fair,
Ken thy ſoft ſight, enjoy thy evening care.
Haply, e'en now, thy deck'ſt *my Mary's grave*,
Where I ſo oft the ſigh of pity heave;
Where, in ſad anguiſh, bending o'er her *urn*,
My lovely ſiſter's death, I vainly mourn;
There ſhed thy *pureſt beam*, thy ſweeteſt ray,
With *light etherial* chace dim clouds away,
Till freſh Aurora opes the purple morn,
And Phœbus' brighter beams *her humble ſhrine adorn*.

SONNET

IV.

TO THE RIVER TAFFE.

THOU peaceful ſtreams! whoſe gentle ſilv'ry tide,
Breaks in ſoft ripplings 'gainſt the pebbly ſhore,
Whoſe lucid waves, in penſive murmurs glide,
Unceaſing on, to aid the ocean's roar;
Say, does ſome chryſtal drops thy boſom ſwell,
Borne from the windings of my fav'rite rill?
Where oft at eve I've heard the peaſant's knell,
Or *ſweet-ton'd Philomel's* melodious trill:
Ah! taſteful days! forever, ever fled!
Fled like the airy viſions of the night,
Whoſe gay alluring forms, by *fancy led*,
Shrinks from the piercing eye of HOLY LIGHT:
Ah! taſteful days! fled never *to return*;
With undiſſembled woe thy flight I mourn.

SONNET

V.

SPRING.

HOW ſweet among the woodland ſcenes to rove,
When dew-gem'd trees, their budding charms diſplay,
And liſten to the thrilling voice of love,
That floats melodious on the breath of May.
To marck the burſting germe, the infant flow'r,
Catch the health-giving breeze of early dawn,
Mark the bright tints of morn's empurpled hour,
And ſtray delighted o'er the ſpangled lawn.
O! theſe are ſcenes that wake th' approving thought,
That bid reflection ſoar on eagle-wing!
With *conſcious worth*, with ſenſe, and feeling fraught,
All that e'er *peace* can give and mem'ry bring.
Such were the *joys*, in life's fair morn I knew,
When every *thought was bliſs*, and every hope WAS NEW.

SONNET

VI.

HENRY TO HIS FRIEND.

MARK'D you the dew-drop hanging on yon thorn,
With radient luſtre trembling to the eye?
Mark'd you the fragrance of the roſeate morn,
The breeze that wafts the balmy ſweets on high?
Than thoſe more mild appear'd the beauteous maid,
Who firſt attun'd my raviſh'd ſoul to love;
Alas! in chilling ſilence now ſhe's laid,
Nor joy, nor peace again my heart can prove.
Emma, adieu! my lyre henceforth be mute,
To ſounds of mirth *my mind* can ne'er accord.
No more I'll touch the ſweetly plaintive lute,
But break with anguiſh ev'ry tuneful chord.
Then hie me ſadly to her turf-dreſt clay,
In ſighs to melt my grief-wrung heart away.

SONNET

VII.

THE VISION.

STAY ſweeteſt Emma! faireſt phantom ſtay!
Ah! do not thus elude my eager view,
But cheer thy Henry on life's thorny way,
Nor ſcorn the ſcalding tear he drops *for you*.
The lovely viſion mocks my frenzied plaint,
Piercing the azure-colour'd veil of heav'n,
While I in ſorrow mournful tones lament,
A wife ſo fair, a gem ſo highly given,
Snatch'd from my arms:—'reft of each joy I mourn
The peerleſs nymph, that erſt illum'd my breaſt,
With comfort's beams:—now drooping, wilful, 'lorn,
I ſeek the mould'ring fane, nor know ſweet reſt:
Save when in dreams I rove Elyſian plains,
And with my angel Emma! hymn ſeraphic ſtrains!

SONNET

VIII.

DEATH OF THE BARD.

COME hallow'd po'ſy! weave the *deathleſs verſe!*
To ſolemn chaunting tune thy dulcet reed,
In matchleſs lays, my Emma's worth rehearſe,
Ah! ſooth with requiems ſad, her parting ſhade.
And you, ye artleſs children of the plain,
Whoſe deep-ſighs mingle with the chilly gale;
Pour in *wild melody* your unlearn'd ſtrain,
While ye lament, the bloſſom of the vale.
Bring jas'mines, roſes, myrtles, lillies pale,
Go, pluck the wild thyme from yon beetling ſteeps,
Cull the blanch'd hawthorn, from the bloomy dale,
To deck the *holy ſod*, where Emma ſleeps!
Thus ſang the bard! with frenzied woe oppreſt,
Then broke his *ſweet-ton'd lyre* and ſunk *to endleſs reſt.*

SONNET

IX.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

EMBLEM of modeſt worth! firſt born of ſpring,
Mild harbinger of many a bloomy flow'r,
Whoſe dewy-petals gem the verdant bow'r
Of laughing May;—for thee, the ſweeteſt ſtring
Of fancy's lyre, the muſe ſhall ſweep,
Fair po'ſy hail thee with her thrilling ſtrain,
And in rude numbers o'er the graſſy plain,
Beſide the ſtream, and up the mountain ſteep!
The ruddy plough-boy, and the milk-maid fair,
Chanting their ſimple verſe, ſhall of thee tell
Sweet flow'r, that neſtles in the lowly dell,
Far from the ſeat of folly's wild career;
Like heav'n-taught genius, lov'ly, bright, ſerene,
Shining amidſt the thorns of life's fantaſtic ſcene.

SONNET

X.

TO MISS D. M. B. ON LEAVING DEVON.

SAY my Diana! why that rending figh,
And why that tear that dims thine azure eye?
Is it, becauſe Eliza quits the plain,
Nor longer ſoothe thee with her plaintive ſtrain?
It is, for lo the ſympathetic figh,
The humid drop that trembles in mine eye,
Speaks what thou feel'ſt thy tender griefs impart,
And twine *new ſorrows* round my *cheerleſs heart*.
Ah! my Diana! far from thoſe lov'd ſcenes,
(Where bleſt with childhood's viſionary dreams,
Oft in life's early morn content I ſtray'd,
And woo'd the muſe thro' many a broider'd mead)
I go—a wand'rer from my native plains,
Where *fueling* (ſacred power) awoke my infant ſtrains.

SONNET

XI.

From the Novel "WHAT HAS BEEN."

WHAT time the ſilver regent of the night,
Spreads a pale luſtre o'er the vault of heav'n;
The child of genius! marks ſwift fancy's flight,
To poſy's hallow'd theme, his thoughts are giv'n.
Then thro' the grove, his taſteful numbers breathe,
Where woodbines fair, and the wild perfum'd roſe,
Give fragrance to the breath of meek-eyed eve,
And nature all her ſoothing charms diſcloſe;
While ſilence aids the penſive thought ſublime,
That bids the wand'rer check the murm'ring ſigh,
And mildly glide adown the ſtream of time;
That ſorrow ſoon will ceaſe,—that *heav'n is nigh*,
Where *ſcorn*, no more the ſuff'rer's heart ſhall tear,
But joy, and peace, and love, bloom thro' th' eternal year.

Darted, from midſt the ſhining angel band,
To claim a friend, ſnatch'd from a guilty land:
Inſtant, a thouſand ſtarry worlds they trod,
And awe-ſtruck bent, before the throne of God!

SONNET

XIII.

TO THE MOON. *

HAIL lovely Cynthia! ſilver queen of night!
Thy cheering beams I view with fond delight:
Whether I gaze when grief is lull'd to reſt,
Or, when keen woes aſſail my aching breaſt,
'Tis thine to charm the ſolitary hour:
When ſeated on a rude rock's awful brow,
That frowns tremendous o'er the waves below,
I mark thy rays, and feel thy ſoothing pow'r.
Gay hope, and gentle peace, poſſeſs my ſoul!
With grateful heart I bleſs that pow'r divine,
Who bade yon ſtarry orbs with thee to ſhine;
Whoſe ſacred words heav'n, earth, and ſea controul.
FATHER OF LIFE! with proſtrate heart I pray;
O! guide my ſpirit to the realms of day!

SONNET

XIV.

*TO MISS D. M. B.**

CHILL winter paſt! with raptur'd voice I hail
The purple crocus, budding hawthorn's bloom;
The modeſt ſnow-drop drooping, languid, pale,
Like ſome fair maiden, ſinking to the tomb.
Gay glows the butter-cup, and daſie-pied,
The vi'let fling odour to the gale,
The ſcented cowſlip, clad in yellow pride,
The eglantine, and lilly of the vale.
Come my Diana! let's together ſtray,
Reſt on the brow of yonder healthful hill;
Liſt to the linnet chaunting from the ſpray,
And mark the murmurs of the lucid rill.
View its clear ſtream wind gently through the vale,
And the pure breath of early day inhale.

SONNET

XV.

INSCRIBED TO MISS N—T—E.

SWEET is the fragrant breath of early ſpring!
Sweet is the winding of the mellow horn!
Sweet is the woodlark's chaunt in ſummer morn!
But *ſweeter far*, the thrilling bliſs I ſing.
O! gratitude! to thee I tune *my lyre*!
Soft flows the ſtrain, wak'd by thy magic ſkill,
Raptur'd I touch the chord, thy praiſe to trill,
Enchanting nymph! I feel thy ſacred fire
Dart thro' my ſoul, more chaſte than Alpine ſnow,
Ecſtatic tranſports kindle in my breaſt,
And e'en *my ſoul*, with thy bright name's impreſt;
Nor can hoar time's keen ſcythe the bloſſoms mow,
Of GRACIOUS GRATITUDE, in heav'n they'll bloom,
When death's empoiſon'd dart hath ſtruck me to the tomb.

SONNET

XVI.

*TO VALDARNO.**

SWEET minſtrel! oft the magic of thy lyre,
As lone beneath *eve's beamy lamps* I ſtray,
Endues my ſpirit with poetic fire,
While emulation bids me claim a bay.
Soft as the mountain ſhepherds tuneful flute,
Flow the mild numbers of thy dulcet ſtrain,
Apollo's ſelf hath ſtrung thy ſilv'ry lute,
And nature nurs'd thee on her fertile plain.
As erſt tow'rds po'ſy's wilder'd bower I hied,
And ſtrove to join the taſteful ſiſters throng,
Thy muſe, enchanting bard, I raptur'd ſpied,
And heard her pour a bland melodious ſong.
'Tis thine, Valdarno, thine to melt the heart,
And thine, poetic tranſport to impart.

* The late W. Beckford, Eſq.

SONNET

XVII.

*THE INDIAN.**

ALONE, unfriended, on a foreign ſhore,
Behold an hapleſs, melancholy maid,
Begging her ſcanty fare from door to door,
With piteous voice, and humbly bended head.
Alas! her native tongue is known to few;
Her manners and her garb excite ſurpriſe;
The vulgar ſtare to ſee her bid adieu;
Her tatter'd garments fix their curious eyes.
Ceaſe, ceaſe your laugh, ye thoughtleſs vain;
Why ſneer at yon poor Indian's pain?
'Tis nature's artleſs voice that ſpeaks:—
Behold! the tear, bedew her cheeks!
Imploring actions,—burſting ſighs,
Reveal enough to Britiſh eyes!

SONNET

XVIII.

(From "WHAT HAS BEEN.")

JOY, flies affrighted from my wounded breaſt;
And chill deſpondence, mark the cheerleſs day:
Love's rubic-wreathes no more my brows array,
But ſqualid fear diſrobes my heart of reſt.
Evils anticipated throng my ſoul,
Hopes, fairy bloſſoms, wither in my breaſt,
Wild trembling terrors every ſenſe arreſt,
And wan deſpair my wayward thoughts controul.
Abſent from him I love, my anxious heart,
No longer throbs at pleaſures ſportive voice,
The melancholy ſhade is now my choice,
Where to the blaſt my ſorrows I impart.
No more I rapt'rous trill th' harmonic wire,
Sad is *my ſong*—unſtrung the muſes lyre.

SONNET

XIX.

AH! who can tell! but they who feel thy pow'rs,
How ſharp thy pangs, relentleſs fell *ſuſpenſe*,
Thou chain'ſt the heart with haggard woe intenſe,
Diming with anxious thoughts the circling hours.
Haunted by thee and ſorrow—pallid maid,
I mark the ſombrous, lagging moments move,
Nor ken *hope's* rapt'rous ſmile, nor think of love,
But wiſtful hie me to the ſpectr'd glade;
There, where the bat upborne by laſtic wing,
Flits by—I trill a ſolemn mournful ſtrain,
The deep notes echo, o'er the dewy plain:
Vainly I touch the lyre—eſſay to ſing
Of joy!—but *meagre*, wan ſuſpenſe,
Englooms my ſong, and wounds each taſteful ſenſe.

SONNET

XX.

To Mr. ———, on receiving an elegant Poem from him.

HARK! ſweet muſic meets mine ear,
Borne on zephyr's ſportive wing;
Floating on the lucid air,
Perfum'd breath of early ſpring.
Huſh'd be every ruder noiſe,
'Tis Neophytus that ſings;
Ye fairies liſten to his voice,
Mark him ſweep th' harmonic ſtrings.
Gentle candour, view thy child,
Twine a wreath of blooming flow'rs,
Dove-ey'd pity, placid, mild,
Crown the youth who feels thy pow'rs!
And thou fair charity! ſeraphic maid!
His failings with thy ſnowy wings o'er ſhade!

SONNET

XXI.

*TO DR. D——.**

O! TUNEFUL bard! whoſe ſoft enchanting lays,
Sooth tyrant ſorrow into calm repoſe;
Accept my thanks, accept my artleſs praiſe,
Nor ſcorn my TREMBLING, and untutor'd muſe.
'Tis thine in ſofteſt ſtrains to melt the heart,
With ſweet-ton'd accents wake the ſleeping ſoul,
To dull ey'd melancholy joy impart,
And thine, the breath of ſlander to controul.
When death hath cut life's ſilver thread in twain,
And moulder'd in the duſt thy body lies,
Then *fame* ſhall loud thy virtuous deeds proclaim,
Whilſt ſoars thy ſoul, to bliſs above the ſkies:
There clad in glorious veſt, divinely bright,
With ſaints enjoy, unſpeakable delight!

SONNET

XXII.

*THE PILGRIM.**

ARISE fair Cynthia! ſhed thy placid beam,
Cheer a lone pilgrim on his devious way;
Illume the deſart with a ſil'very gleam,
Leſt he to yonder foaming torrent ſtray.
Hark! how the white-waves daſh along the ſhore,
Tumbling o'er rock of uncouth rugged form;
No light to guide him in this ſolemn hour,
No cave to ſhelter from the howling ſtorm.
Loud o'er his head the pealing thunders roll,
The light'ning darts around its livid fires:
To him who rules the globe, he lifts his ſoul,
Breathes a ſoft ſigh, then ſinking low expires.
Sweetly to bliſs the etherial ſpirit flies!
Where worlds unnumber'd meet her CHASTEN'D EYES!

SONNET

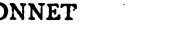
XXIII.

*TO MR. K———.**

O! K———l! ſweeteſt of the tuneful throng!
Whoſe thrilling numbers melt upon mine ear,
'Tis heav'nly gratitude, awakes my ſong,
And bids me raiſe the ſupplicating pray'r.
Hail lib'ral youth! thy rapt enlighten'd mind,
Illum'd with white-rob'd pity's brighteſt ray,
The beauties of my infant muſe refin'd,
And mark'd the artleſs carol of my lay.
Ye miniſtering angels guard his way,
His life-path ſtrew with buds of blooming dye,
When wailing o'er his beauteous Laura's clay,
Catch ye the tear, and waft to heav'n the ſigh:
Go! regiſter on high, his deeds, his truth,
While liſt'ning ſeraphs hear, and bleſs the matchleſs youth

SONNET

XXIV.



TO SIMPLICITY.

O! MEEK ſimplicity! thy angel face!
Thy decent ſtep, thy ſoft enchanting ſmile,
Soul-beaming eye, and unaffected grace,
Thy ſpotleſs mind, devoid of mean-born guile.
Delights the muſe: lead to thy hermit cell
Fair nymph! the daſied-path we'll meekly rove,
There NATURE WOO, crop the ſweet blue-bell,
Sport in fancy's train, and make the ſtock-dove
Wail her murder'd mate; lead to the fold
The bleating lamb—cull from the bloſſom'd vale,
Sweet flow'rs to deck the ſwains that heed'ſt not gold,
And ſing our wild-notes to the liſt'ning gale.
O lead fair nymph! lead to thy hermit cell,
With *thee ſimplicity* did even dwell.

(STORIED) SONNET

XXV.

THE PEASANT TRAVELLER.

WEARY along the trackleſs plain he hies,
While the pale moon-beam ſheds a ſickly ray;
That ſcarcely lights him o'er the rugged way,
Nor hoſpitable cot, nor curling ſmoke he ſpies.
No comfort near, all dreary and forlorn
Sadly he wanders on—while ſpectral ſighs
Swell on the breeze, or flit before his eyes
Fantaſtic forms of ſuperſtition born.
Shudd'ring he ſtarts affrighted and diſmay'd,
Acroſs the plain he caſts a vacant ſtare,
When lo! the merry bells ſalute his ear,
The notes ſwell ſweetly o'er the diſtant glade;
And guide him to his humble low retreat,
Of labour, innocence, and health, the ſeat.

SONNET

XXVI.*

WHEN erſt the flow'rs of genius 'gan to bloom,
A mournful wreath fair poetry entwove,
To deck a ſainted parent's hallow'd tomb,
The firſt, the deareſt object of my love.
With angel mein, and pity-beaming eye
She twin'd the drooping flow'rets round my head,
Pluck theſe ſhe cried, they'll lure the tender ſigh,
Whilſt o'er poetic wilds you penſive ſtrayed.
Pleas'd I attended while the fair nymph ſung,
My willing muſe ne'er loiter'd at her ſtrains,
But touch'd her lyre, unlock'd my fetter'd tongue,
And raptur'd hail'd her ſiſter muſes trains:
Ah! check preſumptuous maid thy daring flight!
Nor hope to gain fame's fascinating height!

SONNET

XXVII.

SCENES of my early youth, belov'd, rever'd,
Where oft in frolic childhood's days I ſung,
Cull'd the ſweet-bloſſoms nature's ſelf had rear'd,
That o'er fair Iſea's lucid boſom hung.
Or wand'ring o'er the flow'r beſprinkl'd plain,
Heard the lov'd carol of the linnet's lay,
And *innocent as ſhe* join'd in the matin ſtrain,
That echo'd from the gently waving ſpray.
Ah! ſcenes to memory dear! And hail
The *dome*, where oft with pure devotion fir'd,
I ſigh'd for death to lift the aweful veil,
With faith—with hope—with confidence inſpir'd,
I pray'd to view the ſaints bright bleſt abode,
To leave mortalic joys, and dwell with God!

Elegies.

ELEGY

I.

*ON THE DEATH OF MISS STRONG.**

(WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.)

"Like morning dews ſhe ſparkl'd, was EXHALED,
"And went—to Heav'n."———

NOVEMBER! dreary month! again thou com'ſt
Deep clad in ſable clouds and chilling froſt;
Fit emblems of the mournful tale thou tell'ſt:
For on this day, this woe-fraught hapleſs day
My SISTER DIED! ſhe whom my ſpirit lov'd
Than health, or youth, or fortune, better far.
Pure and unſpotted as the new-fall'n ſnow
Each female grace was centr'd in her form;

Her breaſt with every gentle virtue glow'd.
Heav'n's 'habitants beheld this blooming flow'r,
And lur'd her hence; they beckon'd, and ſhe fled
To join her parents in the realms of bliſs,
And left me weeping o'er her waſting clay,
In wild deſpair, and ſpeechleſs agony.
With eyes faſt ſtreaming, and a ſoul depreſs'd:
Till bright-ey'd faith beam'd comfort on my mind,
And bade me dry my tears—bade me no more
Repine or murmur at the will of heav'n.
KNOW, cried the SERAPH, GOD, who call'd her hence,
CAN NEVER ERR. In life lurks many an ill
Unſeen by mortal eye: lo! ſav'd from theſe,
A blooming angel, now ſhe ſoars above.

ELEGY

II.

*ON THE SAME.**

ADIEU ſweet maid, a long, a laſt farewel!
Fain would the muſe thy matchleſs virtues tell,
Proclaim thy merit, ſpeak thy heart ſincere,
And drop affection's conſecrated tear:
Such tears my Mary ne'er ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Whilſt I remain in this dark vale below;
Ne'er my lov'd girl (while mem'ry holds her ſeat,
While life is giv'n and reaſon ſhines complete,)
Shall I forget thee, Mary, lovely maid,
Who now within the darkſome tomb art laid.
Her body to the noiſome worm is giv'n,
Her ſoul now ſoars ſublime, and wings its flight to heav'n.
Then ceaſe, Eliza! ceaſe thy *trembling lyre*,
Thy ſiſter mingles with th' angelic choir;

Attunes her praiſes to the God above,
A God of TRUTH, INFINITUDE, and LOVE.
To him all praiſe, all glory, now be giv'n,
Extol HIM men on earth, and ſaints in heav'n;
And when the ſolemn hour draws nigh,
When leaving earth my ſoul ſhall mount the ſky,
Then ſhall we meet—and on us joys attend,
Unfading joys which never know an end!

ELEGY

III.*

WHILE ſoft remembrance o'er a ſiſter's tomb,
Laments the change, and weeps ſweet Mary's doom;
A *mother's ſhade* firſt claim'd my tendereſt lays,
Once the fond guardian of my infant days.
Stretch'd on the BED OF DEATH I ſaw her lie,
Beheld the trickling tear, the heart-felt ſigh.
O! heav'n! what anguiſh rack'd my tortur'd breaſt;
Depriv'd of her, with dire-fraught woe oppreſt,
Frantic I wept with uplift hands implor'd!
In midſt of ſorrow ſtern, my God ador'd.—
My ſiſter wept! and heav'd the deep-drawn ſigh;
But not one tear fell from my burning eye.
Deep ſunk the ſudden, fatal, DEADLY BLOW;
Nor more of joy, or peace I thought to know.
Bright ſaint! (my ſiſter cried) thou now art bleſt,
Thy pains all o'er, thy woes all lull'd to reſt.

Mild, gentle, patient thro' her woe-fraught life;
The tend'reſt mother, and the trueſt wife.
Bow'd down with ſorrows, yet ſhe kiſs'd the rod,
And patiently *ſubmitted* to her God!
My ſiſter ſtill was ſpar'd, how ſhort her ſtay!
The lovely girl was quickly ſnatch'd away.
Relentleſs death! to rob me of my MOTHER,
My FATHER, SISTER, and my much lov'd BROTHER!
Ah! why tear from me ALL I held moſt dear?
Why leave not one to wipe the falling tear?
Had heav'n in pity ſpar'd THEE lovely maid!
Who late within the ſilent tomb was laid;
With calm content my life had paſs'd with thee;
But now there's nought but dark deſpair for me.
Deſpair!—alas!—but ſee, what form appears!
She comes to ſooth my woes, to diſſipate my fears:
Celeſtial reaſon! clad in azure veſt,
Approach'd, and thus, her words addreſt:

Short-sighted maid, ah! weep for them no more,
Whose woes are past, whose sorrows all are o'er;
Submit to God! on him depend for might;
And know, vain girl "whatever is, is right!"

ELEGY

IV.*

ON THE DEATH OF MISS CRESWELL.

"Cropt like a roſe, before 'tis fully blown,
"Or half its ſweets diſclos'd."———

HARK! hark! ye fair! ſlow tolls the knell of death,
The lovely Ann hath yielded up her breath;
Her pains are o'er, her gentle ſpirit's fled,
Her body's number'd with the ſilent dead.
The grimly tyrant, with unerring dart,
Hath pierc'd her young, her good, her gen'rous heart,
Cou'd not thy beauty, or thy virtue ſave?
And muſt thou crumble in an early grave?
Ah! yes; too ſure fix'd thy lamented doom;
Not angels now can ſnatch thee from the tomb.

Ah! weep ye youths! ah! heave the ſigh ſincere;
Ye gentle maids, let fall the pitying tear:
Mourn o'er the turf! mourn o'er the mould'ring clay!
The beauteous Ann to death now lies a prey.
Fly from this hallow'd ſpot, each wretch prophane,
Nor dare approach this conſecrated fane.
Her heart was kind, her temper gentle, mild,
Free from deceit—*ſincerity's* fair child.
A duteous daughter, and a ſiſter kind;
Each virtue bright adorn'd her youthful mind.
Farewell, ſweet maid! adieu my earlieſt friend!
Angelic joys on thy pure ſoul attend.
With thee my Ann the bitterneſs is paſt;
Yes, the unalterable *die* is *caſt*:
An angel, now thou tun'ſt ſeraphic ſtrains,
Sing'ſt *hallelujahs* on the heav'nly plains,
Bright as yon glitt'ring ſtar, thou ſhin'ſt divine,
To view thy God; thy Saviour now is thine.—

Ceaſe, Harriet dear! ah! ceaſe thy melting grief,
Thy ſighs, ſweet girl, can bring thee no relief:
Thy angel ſiſter now ſoars high in heaven;
To her unutterable bliſs is giv'n.
Then why lament? ah! let us dry our tears,
And baniſh from our hearts thoſe idle fears.
Mark! the bright ſun decline at cloſe of day,
His ling'ring beams then caſt a golden ray;
Beauteous he looks, when ſinking in the weſt;
Clouds, to his glory only add a zeſt:
All hearts would grieve, did not a hope remain,
To ſee his ſplendid orb bright riſe again.
At the laſt day, thoſe friends, now gone before,
Shall meet again—ſhall meet—to part no more.
The trump ſhall ſound, the dead ſhall all ariſe;
The exulting happy pierce the azure ſkies.

*ON A LOCK OF MISS CRESWELL's HAIR GIVEN AFTER HER DEATH.**

DEAR precious relic! of my angel friend!
For whom ſo oft I heave affection's ſigh!
For whom, *O! early loſt!* my lays aſcend,
While friendſhip's ſacred tear bedews mine eye.
Dear precious relic! of my angel friend!
Nor time, nor accident, ſhall e'er us part;
With *Mary's hair*, my Anna, THINE I'll blend,
Whoſe image lives forever in my heart.
When melancholy chills me with deſpair,
And ſad on frail mortality I muſe;
To theſe will I with throbbing heart repair,
And gem theſe locks with pity's ſofteſt dews.
Soon *Faith*, with eagle-eye, ſhall pierce the gloom,
And quickly daſh the ſelfiſh tear away;
No more I'll *mourn a friend or ſiſter's doom*,
FOR LO! THEY SPARKLE IN ETERNAL DAY!

ELEGY

V.

ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS HARRIET CRESSWELL.

MEEK child of truth! my gentle friend adieu!
Earth's ſheltering boſom *veils* thy lov'ly form;
With tear gem'd-eye, the hallow'd turf I view,
Nor heed the whiſtling of the hollow ſtorm.
Ah! what avails this ſelfiſh fond regret,
Theſe ſighs of anguiſh, and theſe looks of woe,
My lov'ly Harriet's mortal ſun is ſet,
Her peerleſs beauty dim'd, her clay laid low.
Was not her ſpirit gentle and ſerene?
Mild as the genial air of balmy ſpring?
Her mind intelligent, her face, her mien,
More than my feeble muſe can ever ſing?

Yet ſhall not HE, who bade thoſe beauties bloom,
Nip their ſweet bloſſoms with the blaſt of death!
Shall HE not ſink her to an early tomb?
And when HE WILL recal THE VAPOUR BREATH?
DREAD POW'R to thy beheſt I meekly bend!
The mandate's hard, yet dare I not repine;
Harriet, adieu! adieu my lovlieſt friend!
Thee, to THY GOD ſubmiſſive I reſign:
Go! gentle ſprite! go! claim thy natal ſky,
And with thy *angel ſiſter** miniſter on high!!

* Both ſiſters died of conſumptions.

*TO THE REVEREND N——E N——E.**

—o-◇-o—

Hail! gratitude; hail nymph of heav'nly mien!
Welcome, thrice welcome to my woe-worn breaſt
Is thy fair image! Ah! how unequal
Are the languid forms of labour'd ſpeech to
Paint the varied feelings of the ſoul.
My ſpirit trembles with refin'd delight,
And fain would thank thee N——E, thee, in whoſe
Manly ſoul mild pity waves her ſilv'ry
Wand, and bids thee cheer the lonely widow,
Calm the poor orphan's ſinking heart, and point
Her hopes to thoſe kind regions where the wretched
Reſt from their ſorrows, and enjoy repoſe.
N——E, forgive the wild-ton'd warblings of

* This poem was written without any attention to the rules of proſody—an extemporaneous production addreſſed to the moſt benevolent of friends—a gentleman, a ſcholar, and an univerſal philanthrophiſt!—*Note by the author.*

My ruſtic muſe, and gently liſt while ſhe
Sighs forth paſt ſcenes of ſoul-diſtracting woe,
Or paints poetic viſion!—
Come fain-ſoul'd memory, unfold thy treaſur'd
Page; give me, bright maid, to ken afreſh, thoſe
Hours of pain, when erſt misfortune ſpread her
Raven wings around our *cheerful home*, and
Screamed with terror-ſtriking voice, death! death!
Ah! what waſting form ſtands yonder ſhiv'ring,
Pale, and meagre?—Alas! it is *my mother!*
Liſten, O! liſten! 'tis her ſhrilly cough,
Her trembling worn-out voice, thoſe ſilver-tones
That once ſpoke tranſport to my infant mind,
And tun'd my ſoul to peace. See how ſhe beckons
Towards yon yawning—new-made grave, nor heeds
My tender plainings.—Ah! what means that
Rubic-hue that decks her pallid cheek? 'Tis
Hope's mild glow—lo! N——E, friend of her earlieſt days,
Supports her ſinking frame, and cheers her

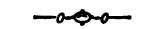
Fleeting ſoul!—O!—'tis paſt—*ſhe ſleeps in peace!*
Yon ſtar-wreath'd ſeraph convoys her to bliſs!
And now a fair and fragile form, (o'er which
Conſumption waves his ling'ring ſcythe) languid,
Weak, helpleſs, faint, employs my ceaſeleſs
Tend'reſt care! O! *I would ſave thee, Mary,*
But it will not be; inſatiate death ſtrikes
Deep the fatal blow—her ſpirit trembling, flees:
Hail! gentle ſhade! nay, do not haſte away,
Stay, my angelic ſiſter! touch ſweetly
Thy celeſtial harp, and let Eliza
Catch its thrilling tones, our grateful hymns may
Soar to heav'n's eternal King, (who kens
E'en ME) and draw down ſacred joys on
N——E's head.—The beauteous angel ſmiles,
And heaven-ward ſpreads her azure wings.
Not the bright ruddy tints of ſummer morn,
Not purple autumn's evening ſky can boaſt
Such charms as clear-eyed charity. When yon

Bright orbs ſhall ceaſe to ſhine, and th' angelic
Choir hovers around our great Redeemer's
Sacred throne—THEN N——E, then ſhall thou have
Thy juſt reward—for his unerring word
Hath ſaid!
*Ye who have fed my little ones, and cloath'd
The naked woe-drench'd ſtranger, or only giv'n
A cup of water in my name, did it
Unto me, *their Father univerſal:*
Come then ye bleſt, enjoy the radiant ſeats
Prepared in heaven!

* Matt. chap. xxiv.

ELEGY

VI.



*ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.**

MARK ye gay nymphs, yon ſable train
That winds along the dale,
Liſt to the ſorrow-breathing ſtrain
Borne on the lucid gale:
It ſighs fair Sarah's early fate,
It bids ye—*learn to die!*
Ah! ſeek bright virtue e'er too late,
Eternity is nigh.
Sarah, the lov'lieſt of the fair,
Mild as the op'ning day,
Whoſe eye oft ſhone with pity's tear,
Now reſts on bed of clay.

(The lilly droops its ſilv'ry creſt,
Chill'd by the ſtorm's rude breath,
And anguiſh writhing in her breaſt,
Pointed the ſhaft of death.)
Silent, is now, that dulcet tongue,
That erſt was wont to cheer;
And charm the jocund youthful throng,
Or claim the feeling tear.
Clos'd are thoſe orbs that ſhone ſerene;
Blanch'd are the roſe's bloom;
No more we view her graceful mien,
Now ſhrin'd in yonder tomb.
Yet ceaſe my muſe! give o'er thy plaint,
Why mourn fair Sarah's death!
The lovely maiden you lament
Hath gain'd an heav'nly birth.

ELEGY

VII.

*ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER.**

CROPT in the bloom of youth! behold he lies!
Faſt clos'd in death, his once expreſſive eyes.
My George, thou deareſt, much-lov'd youth, adieu!
Ne'er is thy ſiſter doom'd thy form to view.
Thy pleaſing accents ne'er will charm her ear;
No more thy hand wipe off the falling tear;
No more conſole thy widow'd mother's heart;
Thy duteous words no more a joy impart;
No more direct her hopes to happier days;
And fond expectant youth point out the ways.
Alas! on India's ſhores he ne'er will tread,
For, O! my George is mingl'd with the dead.

Heart-piercing thought! yet, ſhall I dare repine?
No, gracious heaven, the work was only thine!
To thee I yield, do thou appeaſe my ſoul,
And each repining anxious thought controul.
Come, bright *religion!* come, thou heav'nly maid,
Dwell in my heart, O! lend thy ſoothing aid,
'Till death ſhall ſnatch my ſoul from cumbrous clay,
And waft it ſwift to ſcenes of endleſs day.

ELEGY

VIII.*

INCONSTANT goddeſs! happineſs! O! why
So ſwift run from me? wilt thou never deign
To ſojourn here, and this deſponding heart
With thy all-animating preſence cheer?
Why (when I fondly fancy thou art mine;
When jocund pleaſure ſits upon my lip;
And on my cheek glows ſprightly innocence
When ev'ry ſcene a joyous aſpect wears)
Do chilling damps of poverty aſſail?
Or death's relentleſs ſcythe mow down my friends,
And dim my ſoul with dark affliction?
Thus I complain'd: when from a ſilver cloud,
That girt th' horizon, ſtepp'd an angel-form,
Arrayed in flowing robes of pureſt white;
His head a ſparkling crown of light adorn'd;

His ſhoulders ſhone with many colour'd wings
That filled with balmy fragrance all the air,
Bright as the moon's unclouded orb; his face
Diffuſed around incomparable beams,
Whoſe luſtre ſpake him meſſenger from heav'n,
Majeſtic moving with ſeraphic voice
He ſaid:
Why hope on earth what dwells alone in heav'n,
Can happineſs with mortal frailty ſtay;
A ſtate of trial this, and not of joy,
Where woes lies ſcatter'd by th' Almighty power
To wean thee from thoſe faſcinating ſins
That to the world the forms of pleaſure wear.
What if thy friends are ſeized in death's cold gripe,
Their bodies only moulder—high rewards
For ills here ſuffer'd meet their ſouls in heav'n.
Mourn not that poverty is thine—but know
The Father of the univerſe full oft
Afflicts the good—and chaſtens whom he loves!

ELEGY

IX.

*ON THE DEATH OF MRS. B——.**

HARK! with portentous ſound the deep-ton'd bell
Proclaims the death of one beloved well;
See the ſad mourners weeping o'er her bier,
And drop the kind, the ſympathetic tear.
She's gone! the dreaded hour is paſt,
Angels attended when ſhe breath'd her laſt.
Religion, ſource of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
Pointed to pleaſures which can never cloy,
Cheer'd her laſt gaſp, ſmooth'd the ſtern-brow of death,
And taught with meekneſs to reſign her breath.
Then wherefore weep, the ſtruggling pang is o'er;
Ah! dry your tears, lament for her no more.

All earth-born cares forget, ſhe's now at reſt;
No racking pains now tear her worthy breaſt.
Her ſoul is wafted to the realms of light,
Clad in angelic robes ſhe ſhines moſt bright.
Will you, my ANN, friend of my youthful days,
Awhile, ah! liſten to my artleſs lays?
Let reſignation cheer your drooping heart,
Tho' hard the pang, tho' terrible to part;
Yet know 'tis God inflicts the dreadful woe,
Nor aught can now avert the mighty blow.
May patience mild angelic maid deſcend,
From black deſpair your worthy breaſt defend;
Be calm, my friend, you are not left alone,
A tender much-lov'd mother's death to mourn;
You've brothers, ſiſters—ſtill a parent kind;
Ah! may his precepts ſink into your mind;

To him each fond, each kind attention pay,
Be your's to ſooth his griefs the live-long day;
Revere his virtues—ever duteous be,
And heaven's high benediction wait on thee.

ELEGY

X.

ON THE DEATHS

OF

MARIA AND SARAH AMELIA STRONG.

THE midnight breeze ſighs hollow thro' the glade,
And wearied nature's wrapt in ſoft repoſe;
Pale melancholy courts the gloomy ſhade,
And piteous tells her tale of many woes.
Now let the muſe her ſolemn ſtation ſeek,
On yon fall'n ruin, deſolate and drear,
In ſacred ſong, with reſignation meek,
Breathe her ſad numbers to the humid air;
" Chaunt the ſlow requiem" o'er the new-turn'd mound,
And ſtrew with cypreſs wreaths this conſecrated ground.

O! death! inſatiate monſter! mortals dread,
Why drink the heart's blood of the young and gay;
Why come in cunning 'guiſe with ſilent tread
To crop thoſe maids—ſweet as the vernal day:
Delicious beauty! evaneſcent flow'r,
How ſoon thy ENVIED GLORIES fade away;
The grave's chill region all thy charms o'er pow'r,
Mingling thy lovely form with common clay:
While thou, THRICE HALLOW'D VIRTUE, ſtands confeſt,
Unaw'd by death's ſtern frown for ever bleſt!
Chaſte as the lilly—gay as the vermeil roſe,
Light as the rein-deer, ſprightly as the fawn;
The LOV'LY SISTERS every charm diſcloſe!
Pure as the ſilver tints of early dawn.
Allur'd by pleaſure's bland enchanting call,
They fought the mazy, gay, fantaſtic train;
Smil'd at the concert—grac'd the feſtive ball,
Their young hearts throbbing to the tuneful ſtrain,

While innocence was their's—and ſportive mirth,
And filial tenderneſs, and innate worth.
Maria! Emily! lamented nymphs!
Who lately bloom'd in all the pride of youth,
Fair as the Houri—elegant as ſylphs,
Matchleſs in beauty, innocence, and truth.
Where are your charms? in death's dark chambers laid,
Cold as the turf that pillows your remains;
Pale as the marble vaſe or twilight's ſhade,
Expos'd to howling winds, and drenching rains:
Dim'd is the radiant luſtre of thoſe eyes,
Seal'd with the SLEEP OF DEATH their peerleſs beauty lies.
Yet round their urn ſpring's earlieſt ſweets ſhall bloom,
(O! much beloved, O! much regretted twain)
And pious memory, loit'ring near their tomb,
Pour the ſad death-ſong's ſorrow-breathing ſtrain.

What, tho' no trophied honours round them ſhine,
Love's HOLY TEAR ſhall gem the turfy ſod,
Maternal tenderneſs ſigh o'er their ſhrine,
And reſignation point our hopes to God!
To innocence like their's ecſtatic bliſs is given,
Virtue's unerring ſure reward is heaven.

ELEGY

XI.

ON THE DEATH OF W. BECKFORD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF JAMAICA.

HIM whom the *muſes lov'd*, and man revered;
Who knew with ſkilful hand to touch the lyre,
Whoſe claſſic-page, on *truth's* firm baſis rear'd,
Breathes the pure ardour of poetic fire!
Him, o'er whoſe moral lay, I've raptur'd hung,
Whilſt thrilling melody awoke my ſong:
Whoſe worth, in woodnotes-wild, I boldly ſung,
Whoſe ſong could aye my piercing woes controul.
Of him I ſing: nor ſcorn my ſimple ſtrain,
Ye whom the noble heights of ſcience tread;
The voice which echos from the lowly plain,
May raiſe a tribute to the illuſtrious dead.

Let learning rear on high her haughty creſt,
And boaſt the treaſures of ſcholaſtic lore;
Tho' learning ne'er illum'd my cheerleſs breaſt,
Nor e'er to me diſplay'd her precious ſtore;
Yet, Beckford! o'er thy honour'd tomb I'll weep,
(Thy worth, thy genius, claims a ſacred tear)
Mourn round the ſpot where " thy bleſt relics ſleep,"
While loftier poets conſecrate thy bier.
And oft at bluſhing morn, and dewy-eve,
As thro' the woodland glades I penſive rove,
In plaintive tones thy matchleſs ſtrains I'll breathe,
Sad as the murm'ring breeze that whiſpers thro' the grov

Odes.

ODE

I.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

SACRED nymph! Enchanting queen!
Long I've woo'd thy look ſerene;
Oft have tun'd my dulcet ſhell,
To lure thy facinating ſpell.
Sought thee in the peaceful dale,
When evening breathes her thymy gale;
Or climb'd the mountain's craggy height
To ken thee, fair celeſtial ſprite.
When ſportive fancy in mine ear
Whiſper'd, lo! the nymph is near,
I hop'd to view thy face divine,
To mark, thro' every feature ſhine

The ſoul ſincere—ſeraphic truth,

Bland pity's tear—eternal youth.

But, ah! the form that met my ſight,

(In mem'ry's eye I ſee the wight)

With dazzling beauty charm'd awhile,

And cheer'd me with her ſyren ſmile.

But when gaunt woe's terrific doom

Spread around chaotic gloom;

Bade the ſpirits of diſeaſe

Drink my heart's blood, wound my peace;

And ſcowling grief, with baleful fangs,

Writhe my ſoul with venom'd pangs:

Then ſwiftly fled the magic fair,

And ſmiling left me to deſpair!

O! come fair friendſhip, ſoul elating pow'r!

Thou lov'ſt to calm affliction's SOMBRE hour,

'Tis thou who ſeek'ſt the widow's cot,

Where ſad ſhe wails her cheerleſs lot,

Breathes to the liſt'ning winds her melting plaint,

While hollow rocks alone return the wild lament!
Till thou, fair heav'n directed maid
Pours balm into thoſe wounds inſatiate death hath made.
O! friendſhip come! diſpel each riſing ſigh,
Comfort ſhall gild my ſoul when thou art nigh.

And ſee obedient to my pray'rs
The nymph's celeſtial form appears;
'Neath her feet blue violets ſpring,
Thro' the air their odours fling;
Light ſhe treads the flow'r deck'd ground,
Diffuſing happineſs around.
Mortals hail the heav'nly fair,
Bend the knee, and raiſe the pray'r:

Sweep, ſweep ſeraphic muſe, thy golden lyre,
With po'ſy's thrilling tones my ſoul inſpire;
And as I rove theſe roſeate flow'rs among,
O! deign to conſecrate my ſimple ſong.

ODE

II.

SHRILL blows the blaſt of war:—the cannons' roar
In ſullen murmurs echo from the ſhore:
Crimſon'd with human blood th' empurpled tide,
Rolls its ſlow murky wave in awful pride.
The ſhriek of woe—the agonising ſmart,
The life-diſſolving ſigh that rends the heart
Englooms creation:—Horror waves his wand
And frowns tremendous 'midſt the naval band:
Death rides triumphant o'er the 'turbed main,
And banquets fierce on heaps of mortals ſlain.
Yet, thro' the hoſtile ranks Britannia's boaſt,
Brave DUNCAN, TROLLOP, hurl their miſſive fire,
Aſſail bold Dutchmen near their ſea-lav'd coaſt,
And bid each Britiſh youth to fame aſpire.

Death—war—nor carnage can their ſouls appal,
Fir'd with this HALLOW'D THOUGHT—THEIR COUNTRY'S WEAL.
Yet when the chiefs foe many a mortal fall,
And hear them breathe to heav'n a laſt appeal,
Mark them entomb'd beneath a mazy wave,
In death's attire plung'd in a wat'ry grave;
Thoſe warlike heroes—enemies to fear,
Who ſtemm'd the battle's terror with a ſmile,
Drop o'er the fall'n a conſecrated tear,
For angel pity fill their hearts awhile.
Mercy to bravery is near allied,
'Tis Britain's darling theme—her BOAST, her pride.
Think we not heav'n in JUSTICE has decreed,
The virtuous ſufferer a glorious meed?
Lo! from its battlements a ſeraph train,
Sooth many a parting ſprite with rapt'rous ſtrain.
Inſpire their ſouls with fortitude ſublime,
To bear the pang of death—to leap the gulph of TIME!

But, ah! methinks! ('tis nature ſtrikes the lyre)
I hear the orphans ſhriek—the widows groan;
Of 'venom'd woe ſee families expire,
I mark the ſcalding tear—the troub'lous moan.
See wild deſpair with frenzy rolling eye.
And ſhiv'ring poverty, wan haggard wight,
And ſcorn, and ſad oppreſſion vaunting high,
To wrap yon ſorrowing tribe, in grief's chill night.
But, hark!
Seraphic chantings float along the air,
Bland pity's form, from yonder fleecy cloud
Breaks on my dazzled view:—while angels fair
Circling the goddeſs in a luſtrous croud
Exulting wait to hear her high beheſt
While aweſtruck mortals kneel before the heav'nly gueſt.
Go! ye angelic hoſt, the ſeraph cries,
To Britain haſte and aid the mourner's pray'r,
Comfort the ſouls, which miſery allies,
Check the big ſigh—arreſt the falling tear:

Britannia's gen'rous ſons will cheer the group,
Nor let the widow ſink—the orphan droop;
While THEY inſpired with energy divine,
Shall bid deſponding care no more intrude,
Around their hearts ſweet memory ſhall twine,
The amaranthine wreath of gratitude!
For you, ye noble patrons of this night,
Whoſe boſoms, fraught with ſacred pity's glow,
Fling from the torch of charity, the bright,
The lambent flame that diſſipates pale woe.
When widows, orphans, mothers, ſiſters—pour
The mingled pray'r to heav'n's eternal King,
In devious warb'ling breathe their pious lore,
Sweet as the hymns adoring angels ſing;
Attendant bleſſings wait upon their ſong,
To crown with joy and peace—this charitable throng.

Say, is there aught ſuch rapture can impart
As the ſweet tranſports of a feeling heart?
Oft to the world have gen'rous Britons prov'd,
The higheſt luxry is—DOING GOOD!

ODE

III.

ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY LORD NELSON.

HARK 'tis the ſhout of vict'ry meets mine ear,
Again it floats upon the ambient air,
While Britain's ſons exulting at the ſound,
Pour the ecſtatic ſong of tranſport round.
Entwine a *civic wreath* for *Nelſon's Head*;
The *honour'd, envied,* peerleſs meed
Of valour, liberty, and truth,
Charms that inſpirit age, and fire the breaſt of youth.
With *virtue, worth,* and *genius* fraught,
From *freedom's beamy* ſhrine the holy flame they caught.
Yet as the tones of triumph flow,
Methinks I hear the ſolemn voice of woe:

Sadly ſhe murmurs thro' the ſhades of night;
Shrinks from the hymn of joy, nor heeds the cheerful light.
Within the lacerated breaſt of care;
Pour the rich cordial drop of ſympathy,
Wipe from the mourner's cheek the ſorrowing tear,
And ſtrive to ſooth with bland humanity,
The blow—that robs the ſmiling infant of its ſire,
Tears from the faithful wife
The deareſt bleſſing of her life,
And wild chaotic griefs—and trembling woes inſpire.
Fairer than infant day,
When on the breaſt of chaos firſt it gleam'd,
A quiv'ring, ſoft, celeſtial ray,
That o'er the unform'd world a radiant ſtream'd;
Bright as the dewy-eye of eve,
From the green boſom of the main,
A nymph appears of form divine;
A laurel crown her brows enwreath,

While virtue's hallow'd thoughts thro' every feature ſhine,
Britannia hear her voice, mark her prophetic ſtrain.
O! cheriſh liberty! nor haughty Gaul;
Nor deſpot e'er ſhall ſway this favour'd iſle;
Nor fiend-like tyranny your ſouls appal.
Peace round the land her olive branch ſhall weave,
Illume the palace—on the cottage ſmile;
And ſongs of virtuous joy and matchleſs bleſſings breathe.
Plenty again ſhall cheer the poor man's heart;
Content and ſmiling bliſs their treaſur'd charms impart.

ODE

IV.

ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

FLOATING adown yon ſun-beam's luſtrous line,
A form ſeraphic meets my raptur'd view,
An Olive wreath her heav'nly brows entwine,
Star'd with the opal-ever varying hue.
Her ſapphire eye
Mocks the diamond's piercing ray;
Her cheeks Aurora's roſeate tints out-vie,
When dight in dew-gem'd robes ſhe wooes the God of da

Thro' heav'n's expanſe a ſilv'ry trumpet ſounds,
Round Britain's ſea-girt ſhores the note rebounds:
Strike, ſtrike the lyre,
Bid war terrific ceaſe!
Let joy each patriotic breaſt inſpire,
And hail with loud acclaim the *hallow'd form of Peace!*
Commerce, who long within her golden cell,
(Hewn in a Promontory's ſide,
Whoſe rocky baſe green ſurges lave;
Around its brow aquatic weeds,
In wild fantaſtic windings wave,)
Bewail'd Britannia erſt her darling child,
Shudd'ring beheld the naval fight,
Saw many *a ſpirit wing her wond'rous flight,*
And heard bleak Boreas howl the ſeaman's melancholy knell:
Rous'd by the cheering voice of Peace,
Springs from her ſolitary cave,
Bids ſqualid poverty her murmurs ceaſe,
Bids *labour* from *deſpair* her hardy vot'ries ſave.

Where erſt exulting *famine* frown'd,
O'er the rais'd cheek *health* throws a ruddy gleam,
Each brighten'd eye ecſtatic tranſports beam,
And hope, and ſmiling frolic, ſport around.
The aged matron, views with glad ſurpriſe,
Her children ſav'd from *deſolating war*;
Enliv'ning joy illumes her eyes,
As fondly to her throbbing breaſt,
(While down her time-worn cheek *wild rapture's tear*,
With ſacred feelings not to be repreſt,
Diſtill'd in pearly drops appear)
She claſps the heroic youth return'd from far,
Return'd, in ſocial joys to paſs his life,
To cloſe his parent's eyes, to bleſs his lovely wife.—
Prophetic viſions—viſions of delight,
In ſwift ſucceſſion charm the mental ſight:
TRUTH, REASON, LIBERTY, on Britons ſhine,
Each joy, each bleſſing, human and divine.

Ballads, &c.

ELLA.

(FROM "WHAT HAS BEEN.")

COLD blew the gale, dark was the night,
When Ella, hapleſs maid,
O'er a bleak mountain's craggy height
In wild diſorder ſtray'd.
And ſad her plaintive numbers ſigh'd,
And breath'd her ſimple tale :—
" Why was I not my Albert's bride,
" The boaſt of Arran vale.
" His brow, youth, love, and truth diſcloſe,
" Joy tun'd his dulcet ſtrain ;
" His cheeks were like the damaſk roſe
" That bluſhes on the plain.

" But now, alas! he's cold and dead,
" He's ſunk to ſilent reſt!
" Death's pallid hue his cheeks o'er ſpread;
" The turf lies on his breaſt!
" But ſoft! behold his angel ſhade!
" He beckon's me away!"
Thus ſigh'd the dying, lovely maid,
And fled to realms of day!

ADDRESS TO PEACE.

(FROM "WHAT HAS BEEN.")

ANGEL of peace! from thy ſtar'd ſeat on high,
Enthron'd amidſt the radiant ſons of light,
Haſte, on the roſy zephyr's boſom fly,
And on yon ſuffering mortal's couch alight.
Shed o'er her ſoul thy heav'n-conſoling balm;
Bid the wild tumult of her boſom ceaſe;
Bid the loud tempeſt of her woe be calm,
Or take her ſpirit to thy realms, O Peace.
For there dwells love, and joy, and pure delight;
There ſwiftly flee the roſeate hours away;
Spirits of heav'n mark not their rapid flight,
Since all's one boundleſs, bright, eternal day.

Gone are thoſe days, forever fled,
When pleaſure wing'd the reſeate hours;
When hope by ſportive fancy led
Shed o'er my ſoul her magic pow'rs.
The early bud, the dew-gem'd flow'r,
The woodlark's wild melodious ſong;
Pale ev'ning's ſoft and tranquil hour,
My ſoul diſtracts, my griefs prolong.
A ſolemn gloom thoſe ſcenes pervade,
That erſt were wont delight to yield;
For low beneath the turf is laid
The faireſt flow'r in beauty's field.

*MAY MORNING.**

CREATION ſmiles around, ſerene and gay!
The feather'd choir ſalute the blooming May:
The fields aſſume a variegated dye,
And ſtrike, with tranſport, th' enraptur'd eye;
The ſimple primroſe, delicate of hue,
Now droops beneath the pearly drops of dew;
The humble daiſy, and the violet ſweet,
Spontaneous grow beneath my wand'ring feet;
Soft blows the breeze, mild is the azure ſky;
The lark attunes her matin notes on high,
And charms my ear with her enchanting ſong,
Whilſt o'er the fragrant mead I trip along.—
I view each opening bud, each blooming flow'r,
And wonder at the great creative pow'r.—
Around I turn mine e'er delighted eye,
And fix it on a calm, unclouded ſky.

How fine this proſpect, cheerful and ſerene,
This varied landſcape, this delightful ſcene!
'Tis thou, O GOD, has form'd the beaut'ous whole,
And given *reaſon* to the *human ſoul!*
Accept, Oh! then, the oraiſons I raiſe,
Of unfeign'd gratitude, of fervent praiſe:
To thee each morn my earlieſt vows I'll pay,
And beg a bleſſing to the new-born day.

*BENEATH THE AGED OAK.**

BENEATH yon aged oak's romantic ſhade,
(For friendſhip, love, and contemplation made;
Where the green moſs-grown ſeat, by nature dreſt,
Invites my wearied limbs awhile to reſt,)
Calm let me ſit, and muſe on Nature's God,
Who deigns to view me from his bleſt abode.
O! Thou, omnipotent! Thou good ſupreme!
Thou lord of heav'n and earth! theſe tears that ſtream
From a ſuppliant maiden's weeping eyes—
And, O my God! do not that maid deſpiſe.
Bereft of parents, brother, ſiſter—*all*;
God of the fatherleſs! on thee I call!
O! hear my fervent pray'r, direct my heart;
A ray of thy all-cheering grace impart:
Oh! guide my ſteps, inſtruct my early youth,
To live in innocence, and find thy truth!

Teach me with mildneſs to thy will to bend,
Whate'er it be, to whatſoe'er it tend,
Let not a murmur e'er eſcape my breaſt;
Let not ambition e'er invade my reſt:
May mild contentment grace my little cot;
I'll ſmile at wealth, and bleſs my *happy* lot.

*THE BEGGAR.**

MARK yon old man, with anguiſh ſore oppreſt,
With humble voice your charity implore;
Let gentle pity melt your manly breaſt,
Nor ſee him linger, ſhiv'ring at your door.
Haply, in affluence e'en he was bred;
By fortune favour'd, and by friends careſs'd,
(Nor thought he e'er ſhould beg his ſcanty bread,)
With ev'ry joy, with ev'ry comfort bleſt.
Will ye not lift? cloſe ye the folding door?
No longer there my good old friend implore.—
Accept the little mite, the trifling aid,
An orphan offers to afford relief;
I'm but a poor, ill-fated, hapleſs maid,
Deeply acquainted with afflictive grief.

Ah! could I comfort thy declining years,
And cheer the rugged path of black deſpair!
Sooth the ſlow, weary hours of life's laſt ſtage,
And diſſipate each pale corroding care.
But vain that wiſh! poor, good old man, adieu!
Full oft, a ſigh I'll heave, and think on you:
And ah! may ſome benignant angel ſhield,
Relieve your wants, and ev'ry bleſſing yield!
When death has clos'd your weary, tearful eyes,
And on the bier your clay-cold body lies,
Swift may your ſpirit wing its rapid flight
To realms of endleſs bliſs, and ever pure delight.

*TO PEACE.**

SAY gentle peace! where rather doſt thou dwell?
In haughty cities, or in lowly dell;
In cot, or palace? tell me ſoft-ey'd maid;
Fain o'er thy flow'ry path my ſteps would tread.
Behold a maiden bending at thy *ſhrine*;
O! cheer her boſom with a ſmile divine!
But hark! at length the beauteous goddeſs ſpeaks;
The bluſh of innocence adorns her cheeks;
Her eyes bright beaming with celeſtial fire,
Proclaims *religion* as her heav'nly ſire:
And ah! ſhe cries, if ever thou would'ſt ſhare
My kindeſt influence, my tend'reſt care,
Let *virtue* be thy aim; with *her* I dwell,
Alike in cities, and in peaceful dell:

Purſue her ſteps, then thou wilt ſure attain
That heav'nly manſion, free from grief or pain!
The goddeſs ceas'd.———
Sweet, lovely peace! thy ſilver voice I hear;
It breaks like ſofteſt muſic on my ear:
Thy words ſhoot thrilling tranſport thro' my breaſt,
And ſooth my paſſions into calmeſt reſt.
Yes, I'll obey thy voice, be virtue's child.
Be kind, be artleſs, innocent and mild.

*A WALK AT SUN-SET ON THE EASTERN CLIFFS OF TIEGNMOUTH, DEVON.**

LOUD beats the ſurge againſt the craggy ſhore;
And waves to waves ſucceed with ſolemn roar!
The ſun, juſt ſinking from my ling'ring view,
Tips the high hills with many a beauteous hue.
Ah! what a proſpect meets my raviſh'd ſight,
And fills my ſpirit with ſublime delight!
The tow'ring cliffs with forms majeſtic riſe,
And ſeem to greet the azure bending ſkies.
Beneath my feet the deep's wild waters lave
Their rocky baſe with many a ſilver wave.
The ſtately veſſel deck'd with naval pride,
Dances with grandeur o'er the ſwelling tide;
Her waving ſtreamers flutter in the wind,
Swiftly ſhe ſails, and leaves the ſhore behind.

Now pale-ey'd Cynthia mounts her ſilver car,
And throws her beams of borrow'd light afar;
Trembling, behold them ſport along the main,
And add new graces to the charming ſcene.
Delighted, here I ſtand—delighted, pauſe;—
Reflect with rev'rence on the *great firſt cauſe!*
BEING omnipotent! thy boundleſs ſway
Extends o'er higheſt heaven, o'er earth and ſea;
Directs the worlds that roll beyond our ken,
And much thy goodneſs yields to ſinful men.
All praiſe, all adoration's due to thee,
For all thy mercies may I grateful be;
Ne'er may my heart forget its gracious LORD,
But bend ſubmiſſive to his awful word.—

*FUGITIVE.**

AH! what avail my falling tears;
My piercing ſighs are vain;
Nor wild deſpair, nor trembling fears,
Can bring her back again!

Mary is fled! the loveliеſt maid!
Cold is her heart, and in the dark tomb laid.

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*INVOCATION TO SLEEP.**

COME, gentle ſleep! and weigh my eye-lids down;
O'er my ſad head extend thy friendly hand:
In balmy ſlumbers all my ſorrows drown,
And wave, O mild eye'd *peace!* thy *olive wand.*

Let no ill dreams moleſt my ſoft repoſe;
But ſweetly eaſy may I ſink to reſt:
(On mortal grief ſoon may theſe eye-lids cloſe;)
And *peace* unrivall'd triumph in my breaſt.

LINES

WRITTEN

*IN A PRAYER BOOK.**

WITHIN this ſacred page, for peace I ſeek!
To calm the anguiſh of my troubled breaſt;
To wipe the tear from off my pallid cheek;
To ſtop my ſighs, and ſooth my woes to reſt:
Hail! fair *religion!* hail! thou heavenly pow'r,
'Tis thou canſt cheer affliction's dreary hour.

*INSCRIPTION FOR A FAVOURITE SEAT.**

SACRED to friendſhip, and to love,
Remain for ever here;
May no rude hand this ſeat remove;
Bedew'd with many a tear.
'Twas here I ſpent the ſocial hour,
With her my heart approv'd;
Here ſpoke of gen'rous friendſhip's pow'r,
To the ſweet girl I lov'd.
Mild as the gentle breath of ſpring,
Soft as the vernal dew;
Swiftly on time's light tranſient wing,
The pleaſing moments flew.

*RESIGNATION.**

BE calm, my ſoul! return unto thy reſt;
Huſh'd be this tumult in my throbbing breaſt;
Submit to heaven! bend to its juſt deſign,
To ev'ry change endeavour to reſign!
For know! that GOD who form'd thee out of naught,
Guided thy reaſon, and inſpir'd thy thought,
Will ſtill protect, and lead thro' life's dark way,
To ſcenes of endleſs bliſs, and everlaſting day.

*TO SLANDER.**

AH! keen-tooth'd ſlander, point thy ſhaft at me,
Let all thy venom'd wrath be pour'd,
Wound deep MY PEACE, and ſully my white fame;
But ſpare my———ſpare her ſacred duſt,
Nor with thy pois'nous breath profane her ſhade,
Ye angel miniſters who guard the dead,
With ſtricteſt care watch o'er her hallow'd urn,
Nor let th' unholy feet of ſlander dare
Approach the ſpot where her bleſt relic lie:*

* Theſe lines were written in the days of childhood on hearing the memory of one reviled whoſe fine underſtanding, ſhining talents, meekneſs, afflictions, and reſignation, ought to have inſured her the admiration EVEN OF HER ENEMIES.

*ON VIEWING THE RUINS OF K—— ABBEY, DEVONSHIRE.**

HERE pale-eyed ſuperſtition held his reign,
Ruling his vot'ries with terrific ſway;
To midnight vigils wak'd the veſtal train,
Glooming the *cherub reaſon's* lucid ray.
Methinks, e'en now, I view the narrow cell,
The high-rais'd roof, and rudely-ſculptur'd wall;
In fancy's ear, now ſounds the ev'ning knell,
The veſper hymn, and penſive nun's foot-fall.
Lo! thro' the long drawn cloiſter's chilly gloom,
While the faint taper ſcarcely marks the way,
I ſee a child of error ſeek the tomb
Of martyr'd ſaint:—before his ſhrine to pay.

I hear the ardent vow, the trembling ſigh,
View the uplifted hands, and frenzied gaze
And hark!—yon ſcreaming owlet flitting by
Awoke my ſenſes from th' unreal maze
Of wand'ring thought.—And now the ruined pile
O'er whoſe rude form the ivy throws a veil,
I penſive mark from the lorn church-yard ſtile,
And with the moral lay the ruin hail!
Like this fall'n pile my frame will ſoon decay,
And mingle friendly with its native clay!

DESCRIPTION

OF

A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

HER cheeks the bloom of health diſclofe,
Her eyes the hare-bell's gloſſy hue;
Her pouting lips the budding roſe,
Gem'd with the radiant morning hue.

ELLEN AND EDWARD.

" To-morrow ſhall the traveller come;
" He that ſaw me in my beauty
" Shall come: His eyes will ſearch the
" Field, but they will not find me."

OSSIAN.

SLOW as I tread the devious woods among,
While thick'ning glooms enwrap creation round;
The laſt faint warble of the ſhepherd's ſong
Trills in ſoft cadence o'er the dewy mound.

Now buſy mem'ry conjures up the paſt,
A fleeting viſionary ſcene appears;
The forms I view—wild, trembling, and aghaſt,
The meagre phantoms of departed years.
Behold yon ruined, deſolated ſpot,
Where the rank hemlock waves its baleful leaves;
'Twas once a peaceful, neat, and ſimple cot,
Though now its mould'ring walls the ivy wreaths.
There dwelt a maid, fair as the infant day,
The ſweeteſt bloſſom of yon little vale:
To her each ſhepherd tun'd his love-lorn lay,
And hymn'd her praiſes to the balmy gale.
Beauteous ſhe was, and innocent, and gay,
Nor form'd a wiſh beyond her lowly ſtate;
She roſe to gladneſs with the morning ray,
And ſunk to reſt with conſcious worth elate.
Ne'er had ſhe known a parent's watchful care,
Yet fondly cheriſh'd by a faithful friend,
She felt no wants, ſhe dropp'd no bitter tear,
Nor had with aught of ſorrow to contend.

Sweetly ſecluded from the gaudy world,
In calm retirement Ellen paſt the day;
No envious thoughts by way-ward fancy hurl'd,
'Venom'd content, or quench'd its genial ray.
On the green margin of a ſilv'ry ſtream,
One eve as gentle Ellen penſive hied,
To mark the wan moon's clear, tho' borrow'd beam,
Dance in gay ſparkles on the rippl'ing tide.
Enchain'd by meditation's magic ſpell,
Her form impended o'er th' unruffl'd wave,
When ſudden from the ſedgy bank ſhe fell,
And ſighing—ſunk into a lucid grave.
It chanc'd, a noble youth, mild, generous, brave,
As o'er the dew-deck'd field he thoughtful ſtray'd,
Beheld her light form cleave the luſtrous wave,
And ruſh'd to ſave from death the lovely maid.
Fir'd by humanity—unaw'd by dread,
Dauntleſs he plunges in the glittering ſtream,
Claſps the fair nymph, and bears her to the mead,
Where now yon time-worn ruins faintly gleam.

There o'er the maiden's form he rapture'd hung,
Mark'd life's empurpl'd glow expreſſive eye,
Drank bland delicious poiſon from her tongue,
Admiring look'd and breath'd th' empaſſion'd ſigh.
Allied by ſympathy's myſterious aid,
Their ſouls full ſoon conceiv'd a mutual love;
In each fond heart imperial honour ſway'd,
Blended with all the mildneſs of the dove.
Ah! luckleſs pair! wove in the loom of fate;
Gaunt miſery's tiſſued with thy tender love,
An ebon train of direful ills await,
That e'en the breaſt of apathy might move.
From noble parents Edward claim'd his birth,
Vain of their fortunes, of their titles proud;
Lofty, vindictive, ſtern to modeſt worth,
Meanly obſequious to the wealthy crowd.
Stern anger fir'd the incens'd father's ſoul
Soon as the lovers paſſion reach'd his ears;
Nor honour—reaſon—could his ire controul,
Or for a moment calm his haughty fears.

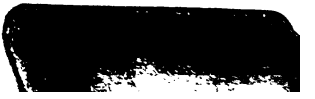
" Shall Edward! pride and glory of my houſe,
" Mingle his honours with the plebeian tribe?
" Rather may every vengeful pow'r arouſe,
" To mar his peace—than Ellen be his bride."
Soon 'fore ſweet Ellen's vine-clad cot
The imperious Baron frown'd,
Accurs'd her beauty, ſpurn'd her humble lot,
And ſwore to hurl his direful vengeance round.
" Sorc'reſs, away, (the infenſate noble cry'd)
" Or dread the fury of my juſt revenge:
" Thou dar'ſt not, feeble wretch, my pow'r deride;
" Thou can'ſt not, witch, my might will avenge."
The weary pilgrim, journeying on his way,
With horror hears the ſcowling tempeſt roll,
Around his brow the vivid light'nings play,
Wild chilling fears his trembling heart appal.
The torrent ruſhing from the mountain top,
Spreads o'er the plain its deſolating pow'r,
Cruſhes the golden harveſt's waving crop,
Drenches the daiſi'd mead—deſtroys the infant flow'r.

.Chill curl'd the blood around the maiden's heart,
Affrighted reaſon trembl'd on her throne,
Terrific madneſs ran thro' every part,
Pour'd the wild ſhrieks, and breath'd the heart-felt groan.
In vain the aged Agnes ſtrove to calm
The throbbing anguiſh of her woe-fraught breaſt;
In vain ſhe ſtrove to pour religion's balm,
To ſooth with ſolemn love her griefs to reſt.
Alas! the lovely maniac, wild and ſad,
Soon as obſcurity her curtain drew,
Alone—diſconſolate—reckleſs—MAD
O'er the bleak heath in ſullen ſilence flew,
Now morning ſhed her orient pearls around,
The day-ſtar threw a laſt faint ling'ring ray,
When Edward wand'ring o'er the furrow'd ground
Towards lovely Ellen's cottage bent his way.
Her virtues—beauties—was the precious theme
That warm'd his fancy, that engaged his thought;
Empaſſion'd ardour from his fire eyes beam,
With love and rapture every ſenſe is fraught.

But ah! what mean thoſe mad'ning ſhrieks,
That hollow ſhiv'ring terror-ſtriking moan,
That thro' the ſtillneſs of the morning breaks:
Sure 'tis departing life's laſt fault'ring groan!
He fearful ſtarts—he liſtens—ſtarts again,
And burſting thro' the hazle-tangl'd fence
Beholds his Ellen—lovlieſt of the plain,
Struggl'ing and writh'd with agony intenſe.—
O! Ellen! Ellen! ſpeak my ſoul's beſt love,
Thy Edward calls thee from the ſhades of death;
Will not his ſighs thy gentle ſpirit move—
Will not his pray'rs retard thy paſſing breath.
Returning reaſon gem'd the maiden's eyes
Soon as her Edward's well-known tones ſhe hears;
She claſp'd his hand with eager fond ſurpriſe,
And for a moment calm'd his horrent fears.
" Edward, I would the fateful tale relate,
" Swiftly the world recedes from view——
" Thy father!—Oh!—it is—it is—too late——
" Edward!—beloved youth!—a laſt adieu!"

" I come, my ſweeteſt Ellen—Edward's doom,"
He frantic cry'd, " is firmly wove with thine,
" We'll reſt together in the friendly tomb,
" Tho' torn from *life* in *death* thou *ſhalt* be mine."
Then from her pallid lips an holy kiſs
He ſnatch'd—look'd up to heaven, and ſigh'd,
" Soon ſhall our ſpirits hail the realms of bliſs!
" Ellen, I come!" he claſp'd the maid and dy'd!

☞ *The Poems marked thus * were written at an early age.*

W. Sheardown, Printer,
High-Street, Doncaster.

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